

VOL. L. No. 1297.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 8th, 1902.

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"What fools these mortals be!"

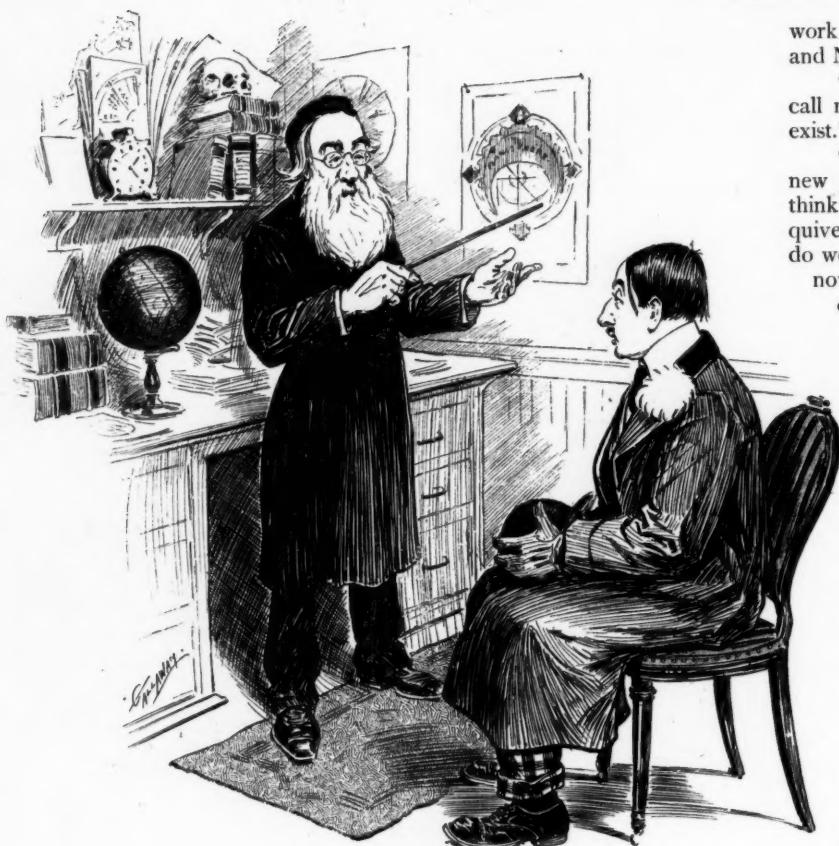
Puck

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A NEW SCYTHE CUTS CLEAN.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER (to Mayor Low).—That's right! This field has needed cutting for a long time.



NOT RESPONSIBLE.

THE ASTROLOGER.—The aspect of the planets' at your birth was not entirely favorable—

CHOLLY.—But I—aw!—could n't help that, doncherknow!"

PERNICIOUS ACTIVITY.



HERE WAS once a kindly Emperor, who ruled over a kingdom not far from the land of Somewhere; so near, indeed, that it reflected all the possibilities—and the impossibilities—of the land of Somewhere.

And a certain man, who wanted to be a Foolkiller, applied to the Emperor for a job.

Not having any pull at court, and being unacquainted even with Morgan and his crew of merry men, he was obliged to apply in person.

"Your Majesty," he began, "it is bad taste in me, I know, to begin by throwing wet blankets over the present incumbent who draws the Foolkiller's salary, but he is n't up to his job. He sits around and smokes cigarettes most of the time, and has no realizing sense of what is going on. De Witt Talmage, Anthony Comstock and Benjamin Tillman passed his pavilion yesterday and he let them all go by the royal pound without the slightest effort at capture. Now, just to show you that I am an expert, let me lay out a line of

work that ought to be done—right Here and Now."

"You mean," said the Emperor, "to call my attention to certain things that exist."

"Precisely!" said the applicant for the new job. "When I look around me and think of the work to be done, it makes me quiver and ache. The first thing I would do would be to get a line on all the historical novelists in the kingdom. I'd put 'em on a raft and set 'em adrift. Then I'd go for the automobilists. I'd get a train of automobiles, put 'em all in it, and start it out of the kingdom at eighty miles an hour. Then the Christian Scientists and the temperance cranks! May be I would n't have fun with them! But, here, look at this list!"

The Emperor put on his glasses and scanned the list, which was as follows:

- The Society Push—all of 'em to a man and woman.
- The foreign lecturer.
- The woman who has fads.
- Yellow journalists.
- The young girl who reads novels.
- The clergyman who cries "War!"
- The missionaries—all of 'em.
- Senators and congressmen.
- After-dinner speakers.
- Authors who read from their own works
- Multimillionaires.
- Trolley-car motormen and conductors.
- Doctors who operate.

And there are others.

The Emperor folded up the paper, showed his teeth grimly and ordered the royal bouncer to get ready for work.

"If my present Foolkiller," he remarked, with a sinister smile, "was n't so all-fired lazy, I'd have him operate on you! What do you want to do?—depopulate my whole kingdom?"



A CINCH.

DOG OFFICE-BOY.—Ye say ye got off eighteen times to go to yer gran'mudder's funeral. How did ye do it?

CAT OFFICE-BOY.—W'y I had two gran'mudder's an' bot' had nine lives—See?

PUCK



COMMENDABLE PRECOCITY.

IKEY.—Vill you fix my vatch for me so id vill gain time, Papa?
 PAPA.—Ach! Vat for?
 IKEY.—I heardt Mama say dees morning dot time vas moneysh!

A YEAR 1911 CONUNDRUM.

FIRST CHAUFFEUR (*in A. D. 1911*).—I've got a conundrum for you.
 SECOND CHAUFFEUR.—Well, spring it!
 FIRST CHAUFFEUR.—Why does a human being cross the road?



A PITY.

CASSIDY.—Phwere are yez going in thot new suit?
 CASEY.—Oi'm going to ask old man Flannigan for his daughter's hand.
 CASSIDY.—Th' devil! Ut seems a pity to ruin a new suit thot way.

STARTLING.

Once upon a time an Inspector inspected a Farmer's cows and discovered a startling State of Affairs.

"Your cows are diseased," said the Inspector.
 "For when I give them a pailful, each, of hydrochloric acid they become feverish."

"Mon dieu!" exclaimed the Farmer.
 "I never expected this!"

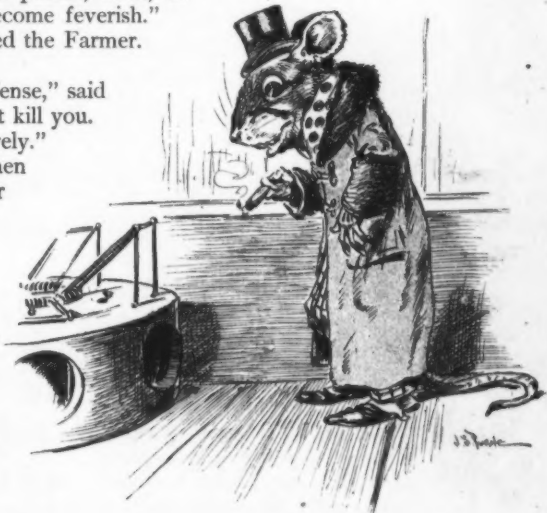
"It being your first offense," said the Inspector, "I shall not kill you. I shall kill the cows, merely."

Thus it chanced that when he went away, the Inspector left the Farmer in a very grateful frame of mind.

JUST SO.

LITTLE CLARENCE (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Pa, what is a "wise old saw?"

MR. CALLIPERS.—One that has cut its wisdom teeth, my son!



WHAT WE need is more patriotism in our politics, and less politics in our patriotism.

CRITICISM.

"Really, I must say I dislike to find cheese in such bad company!"

THE MAN who does n't know when he is well off need n't worry—plenty of people will tell him.

IT is an excellent thing to have a conscience; but it should not be allowed to get beyond your control.



HIS VIEW.

SHE.—The last person in the world I wanted to meet!

HE.—Well, there's nothing for it now but to act as if she were the first!

A TRICK OF THE TRADE.

HERE'S MANY of our magazines, and papers not a few, who will not buy my poetry, no matter what I do; I can't sell them a line of verse, no matter what I write, a ballad in bad dialect, or dashing classic quite. And so, to buy my daily bread, some tricks I have to play, and send my poems out as prose, like this I send to-day. And when I send them out like this, I fool them every time, because they think they're printing prose, instead of printing rhyme!

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

"I see that the Kentucky distillers have agreed to limit the output of whiskey."

"Is that so? Well, if there's any chance of a shortage, perhaps we'd better go and have a drink!"

THE CONVENTIONAL DOLLAR.

The boy finally confided to me that he was coming to New York, and with \$1.50 in his pocket.

"You are tempting Fate!" I exclaimed, and urged him by all means to throw the half-dollar into the bay, as we crossed over on the ferry.

But he was brave, and declared he would succeed, in spite of conventionalities.

DANGEROUS INFORMATION.

FIRST BOARDER.—I see that the members of a scientific expedition were obliged to eat stewed tree bark to save themselves from starvation. You would n't think anybody could eat such a thing!

SECOND BOARDER.—Better not let the landlady hear of it. We don't want any further complications in the hash!

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

"**T**ALK RIGHT in," said the Sultan, "and don't salaam. This is strictly between friends."

The Grand-Vizier entered.

"Anything new to-day?" inquired the Sublime Porte.

"Nothing special. One ultimatum, two cruisers, four gunboats and seventy-one duplicate bills."

"Then the trouble is passing away?"

"No. It is still brewing. The cloud is still on the horizon."

"What do the dogs of infidels want?"

"Commander of the Faithful, they want the earth. Incidentally they want Turkey. If they did n't want so much they would n't get in one another's way and they would get more. I say let them keep on waiting."

"Excellent policy," said the Sultan, stroking his beard thoughtfully. "Can you hold them off for the time being?"

"Successor of the Prophet, I have done my best. I have promised them that we would reform—reform from within;—doubtless Your Majesty is familiar with that ancient gag;—that we would fire every corrupt man out of the organization and put only good men in office, but my representations have failed to cut any ice. I have suggested arbitration, because arbitration, whatever may be its drawbacks, takes time, and there is always a possibility of a prolonged controversy afterwards over the meaning of the award. I have thought of a Cabinet crisis—I to resign and be succeeded by some man who will do just what I tell him—but the infidels notify me that they are onto that game and won't stand for it. I have tried everything I ever heard of in the diplomatic line—a protocol,



CARLO'S TROUBLE.

"Carlo seems to dislike his bath."

"Oh, no! He's merely disappointed because I won't let him shake the water over everything in the house."



A DECIDED ADVANTAGE.

"There's plenty more of it, children!"

"It's fine to have lots of it, so you don't have to eat it slow an' make it last!"

a quid pro quo, a sine qua non, a status quo and a persona non grata—but all these things have been declined as unavailable at present."

"What is your plan for dealing with the situation?" asked the Sultan.

"Abdul Hamid, what is to be will be!"

"Very true," said the monarch, brightening visibly.

"I had forgotten that!"

And the conference closed with a more cheerful feeling on both sides.

Wm. E. McKenna.

AN INTERESTED PARTY.

"Yes; Cholly has taken up hunting. I believe his doctor recommended it."

"His doctor? I thought it might have been his tailor."

A. D. 1902.

And the airship goes up, up, up,
And the submarine boat goes down;
And the automobile has succeeded the wheel
As the speediest thing in town.

HIS PREFERENCE.

ISAACS.—Der baper says der feller shtole t'ree tollars undt you breferred a scharge of petty larceny.

COHENSTEIN.—I did not brefer, but dot vas all der scharge dey vould let me make. You bet I vould haf breferred a scharge of grand larceny or purglary or somedings vot vould send der sgoundrel up for dvendy years!

THE HEAT of last Summer was so intense that we sometimes wonder if American genius will be equal to lying about it in the years to come.





MODERN CONVENIENCES.

"Did you hear Josh Wheatley got buncoed?"

"No. Did n't hear he went to town!"

"Oh! You don't have to go to town these days! You kin stay at home an' git buncoed by mail!"

JULIUS CÆSAR AND THE PIRATES.

IT USED to be quite the thing for the young men of Rome to go to Rhodes to study Elocution and Oratory. We do things differently nowadays. We leave the purely ornamental accomplishments to the girls, while the boys learn some useful trade, like plumbing or dentistry. However, that has nothing to do with the story. A certain Roman youth, named Cæsar, while on his way to Rhodes was captured by pirates. In those days these maritime adventurers used to hold people up on the high seas instead of waiting for them at the Custom House. The bold buccaneers did n't have any particular use for Cæsar, but they thought perhaps his fond parents might be willing to pay something to get him back. Accordingly, the pirate chief began to question the youth about the folks at home, in order to find out how big a ransom they would be able to stand for. Cæsar, who was rather an unsophisticated youth, took pains to impress his captors with the fact that he belonged to one of the first families in Rome and had money to burn.

At this the chief was very much elated and said: "All right, Sonny; I am delighted to hear that your people are so well fixed. If they want to see your charming face again, it will cost them just fifty talents. We did intend to let you go for twenty, but your own account of the financial standing of your family has sent your stock up a few points."

Of course, Cæsar saw his mistake then, but it was too late to hedge, so he stood for the raise like a little man. But when he got back to Rome he told the story to suit himself; and this is the way he told it:

"They wanted to put the price of my freedom at twenty talents; but I says to 'em: 'Look here,' I says; 'I ain't no cheap skate. If you offer to give me up for twenty talents the folks won't believe you've got the genuine article. Make it fifty,' I says, 'and I'm dirt-cheap at that. Besides,' I says, 'it don't make no difference how much you get for me, because I'm coming back

to take the money away from you, anyhow; and when I do come back,' I says, 'I'll hang every mother's son of you at the yardarm or any other place that happens to be convenient.' That's what I says to 'em. They thought I was only bluffing, but I'll show 'em that they're up against the real thing when they monkey with J. Cæsar, Esquire."

When the Romans heard this story they declared that Cæsar was a dead-game sport and advised him to go into politics, which he did. The rest is history.

Isaac Anderson.



A JEWEL.

MAGGIE.—Is n't he a pudding?

KATIE.—A pudding! Well, say!—he's a cake, and all dough at dat!

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

HERE IN NEW YORK. Mayor Low begins his term with a cabinet that has almost pleased every newspaper in New York. The circumstance is promising. And when we add that not a few of his appointments have signally displeased Senator Platt we expect to wring salvos of applause from the discerning tax-payers of this town. For two years, at least, the city's affairs will be administered in the spirit that should always rule: the city will be treated as a business enterprise of which the expenses are to be kept at the lowest notch consistent with good management. As Mr. Low is human, he will make mistakes. Nevertheless, the government he can give us will be so far ahead of that provided in the past by Tammany that only the perverse will pretend not to recognize its superiority. Making allowance for all possible errors of judgment he still can not fail to surpass his predecessor, who was, in the grasp of the Tammany Boss, one of those useful little tools with every variety of saw, file, gimlet and gouge concealed in the hollow handle. For two years, therefore, we are bound to have measurably good government. If this reform administration could then succeed itself we should doubtless have a vastly better government for the two years following, since it will require a good deal of the present term to eliminate from the city's pay-rolls the aged, infirm, incompetent and corrupt remnants of the Tammany organization.

Reform's chances for two more years depend largely upon a wise solution of the excise problem. If the machine politicians and their deluded allies in the church succeed in preventing the passage of a rational Sunday law, Mayor Low will be handicapped. In that event he may either connive at the present illegal system of Sunday liquor selling, or he may try to enforce a law that never has been enforced. If he takes the former course he may alienate those good people who believe that the impossible should be attempted if the law prescribes it. If he takes the latter course—actually attempts the suppression of Sunday liquor selling—the whole reform administration will be swept out of office by an indignant majority two years hence.

In a law permitting the same Sunday liberties that are now enjoyed without a law, by a payment of blackmail to the machine politicians, lies the only hope of permanent good government for this city. In the present agitation for such a law it can not be made too clear that the politicians like Senator Platt and State Senator Raines base their political power upon a control of the saloon vote, and that when they talk smugly of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the dangers to the community of an "open Sunday" they are simply guilty of a very cheap brand of hypocrisy. Senator Platt knows and Senator Raines knows that there is not a saloon-keeper in New York who can not do business all day Sunday by the payment of his monthly assessment. Both these knowing gentlemen are aware that no law conceivable could make the saloons in New York any wider open on Sunday than they have

been from time immemorial. Both these astute politicians also know to a certainty that any law permitting the saloon-keeper to do business on Sunday would at once shatter the foundations of their own machine and the Tammany machine by taking the saloon out of politics. Should there be any simple-minded persons who still believe that the saloons are not already open on Sunday in New York, we advise them to make a tour some pleasant Sunday of the drinking places, say, between Twenty-third and Forty-second Streets and between Third and Ninth Avenues. Puck is ready to pay a substantial reward for the discovery of any saloon within those bounds that obeys the present excise law.

THE TRUST PANIC.

THE "Message from Mars" depicted in our double-page cartoon this week will doubtless prove to be not more than a figment of the artist's fancy. If the thing we call a Trust were really the all-devouring monster some of its scared critics believe it to be the panic they have experienced might easily have spread to the neighboring planets, and in that event their possible inhabitants might have shared in it. But with their opportunity for long-distance views of our situation they have probably been able to discover that we are in no such danger as the man who sees Trusts at night would have us believe. President Schwab of the United States Steel Corporation confided to a banquet of bankers in Chicago the other night that "The Trust is a dead business proposition. It was an experiment and served its purpose," continued this eminent authority; "but it was founded on misconception and promoted along lines of self-destruction. Its fundamental principles were the restriction of trade, the increase of price and the throttling of competition, a trinity that would wreck any proposition, business, political or social." The same truth has been insisted on in this column many times in the last three years. It is true that we are not yet in receipt of so enormous a wage as Mr. Schwab is reputed to draw, but the fact was quite as apparent to PUCK as it seems to be to this expensive thinker. Whether or not it will reassure the Martians, we trust it may quiet a few of the more panic-stricken in this immediate neighborhood.



QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

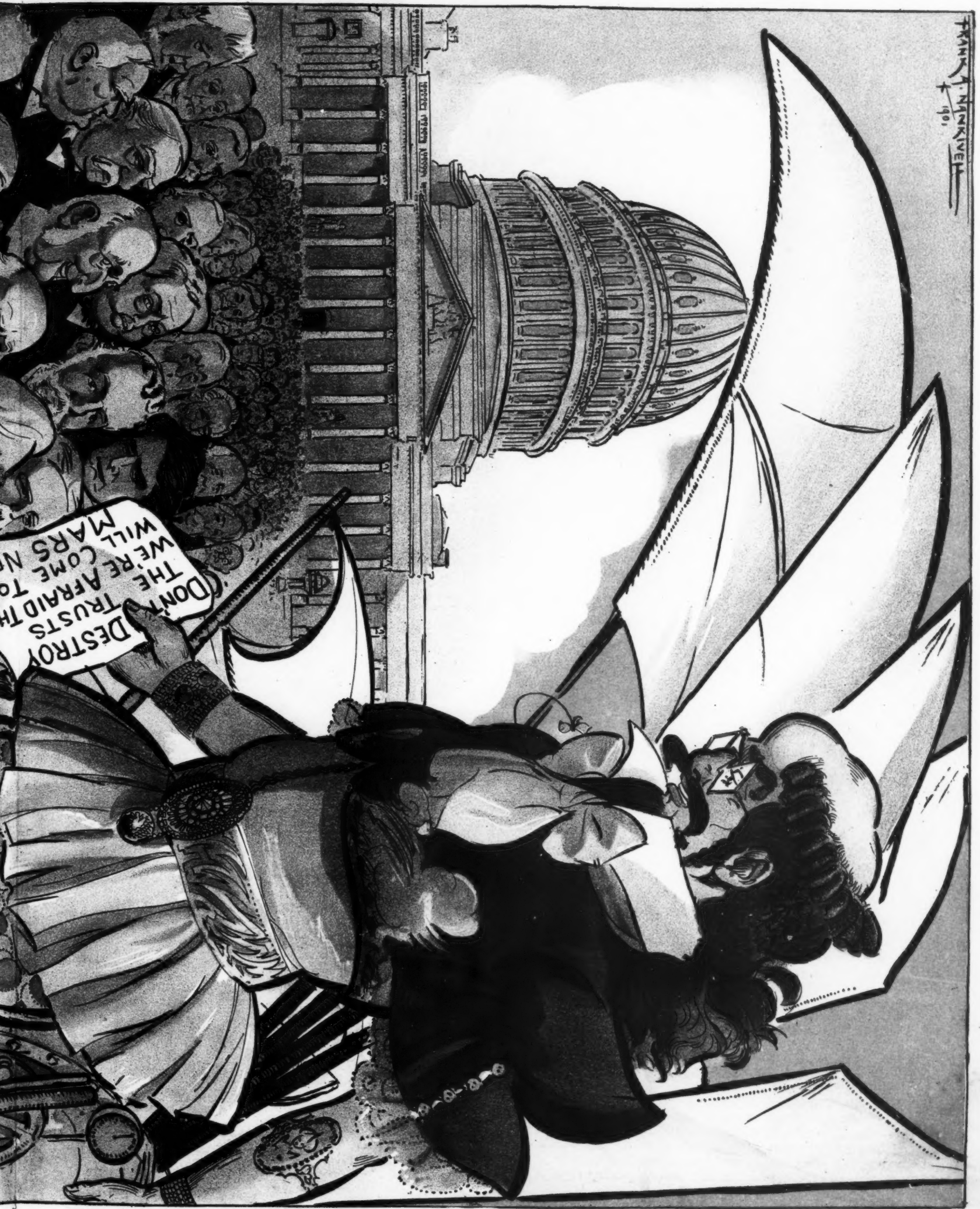
HAROLD.—She said she would be willing to go to the ends of the world with me.

JERROLD.—Oh! Any girl would. But, how about settling down in a Harlem flat?



A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

THE THREATS OF CONGRESSMEN AGAINST TRUSTS HAVE MADE THE MARTIANS UNEASY.



A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.

UNCLE BACCHUS BRIGGS, of Nasturtium, N. J., commonly called "Old Shell-back," on account of his never having seen a railway train or been more than fourteen miles from his native place, recently determined to visit the city of New York, N. Y.

He accordingly withdrew seventy-five dollars from his deposit in the savings bank and had himself and his old Mexican hairless grip conveyed to the nearest station, where he purchased a round-trip ticket for the metropolis. Uncle Bacchus was greatly pleased with the Pullman car upon which he traveled, declaring that same was far ahead of any method of transportation hitherto known to him, and, all things considered, no more dangerous to life and limb than travel by ox-cart.

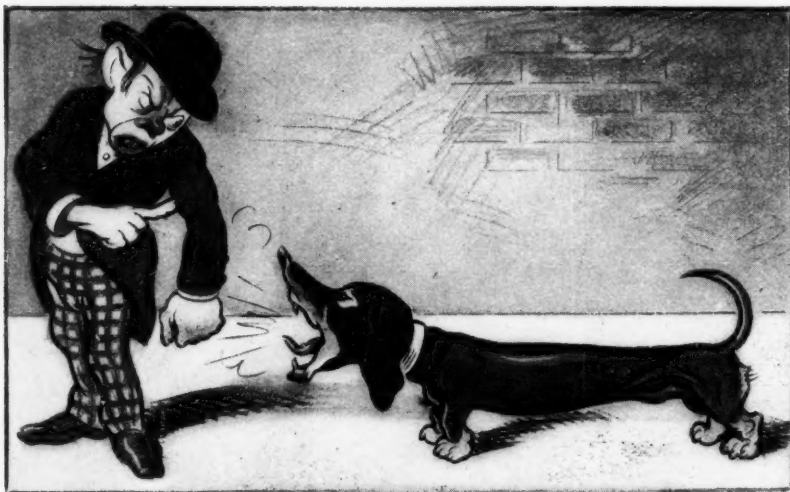
Arrived at Jersey City, the old gentleman cannily followed the crowd and crossed at the Twenty-third Street ferry. Disembarking in the city proper, he inquired of one whom he readily saw to be in authority the location of a hostelry where accommodation at reasonable rates might be obtained for man and beast, and had himself hauled thither by a cabman whom the policeman recommended as being worthy of trust. The charioteer only overcharged the rural visitor fifty cents; and the bargain being struck before the start, no argument ensued upon the arrival.



PROBABLY HAD.

MOTHER.—Do you think that young man has saved anything?

DAUGHTER.—Undoubtedly, Ma! He says he has never loved before.



THE TELESCOPIC DACHSHUND.

I.
"Shut Up!"

At the table Uncle Bacchus excited a little mild interest as a palpable hayseed; but, being seated next to a gentleman in the hog business from Chicago, acquitted himself by comparison rather creditably, neither attempting to eat the shells of the oysters, nor to drink from his finger-bowl. After dinner, he strolled about the streets for an hour or two, not endeavoring to look higher than the twelfth stories of the tall buildings, and later in the evening he attended a production of light opera. Uncle B. did not become scandalized at the costumes of the ladies of the chorus, merely remarking that the music was enjoyable, the dancing graceful, and the style of performance admirably adapted as an occasional diversion for people of mature age.

Upon returning to his hotel he was slightly puzzled by the electric light in his room; but perceiving the button and experimenting for an instant, quickly mastered the idea and retired without wrapping the bulb in a towel or placing

it in his bureau-drawer. He was much interested in all the modern conveniences with which he found himself surrounded, readily comprehending the principles of each and commenting with enthusiasm upon the tremendous strides of invention.

Uncle Bacchus spent about a week in the city, during which time he was never knocked down by the cars, run over by any vehicle, gold-bricked, flim-flammed, nor buncoed in any manner. He deposited no money in the cable slots, blew out no gas, nor did he in any way attract public attention.

Uncle Bacchus returned to his home with about twenty-five dollars residue and his personal belongings intact. Although he often speaks of his pleasant visit, he never alludes to the city as "Gotham," the "big town," or "York," and contents himself by designating it by its correct title.

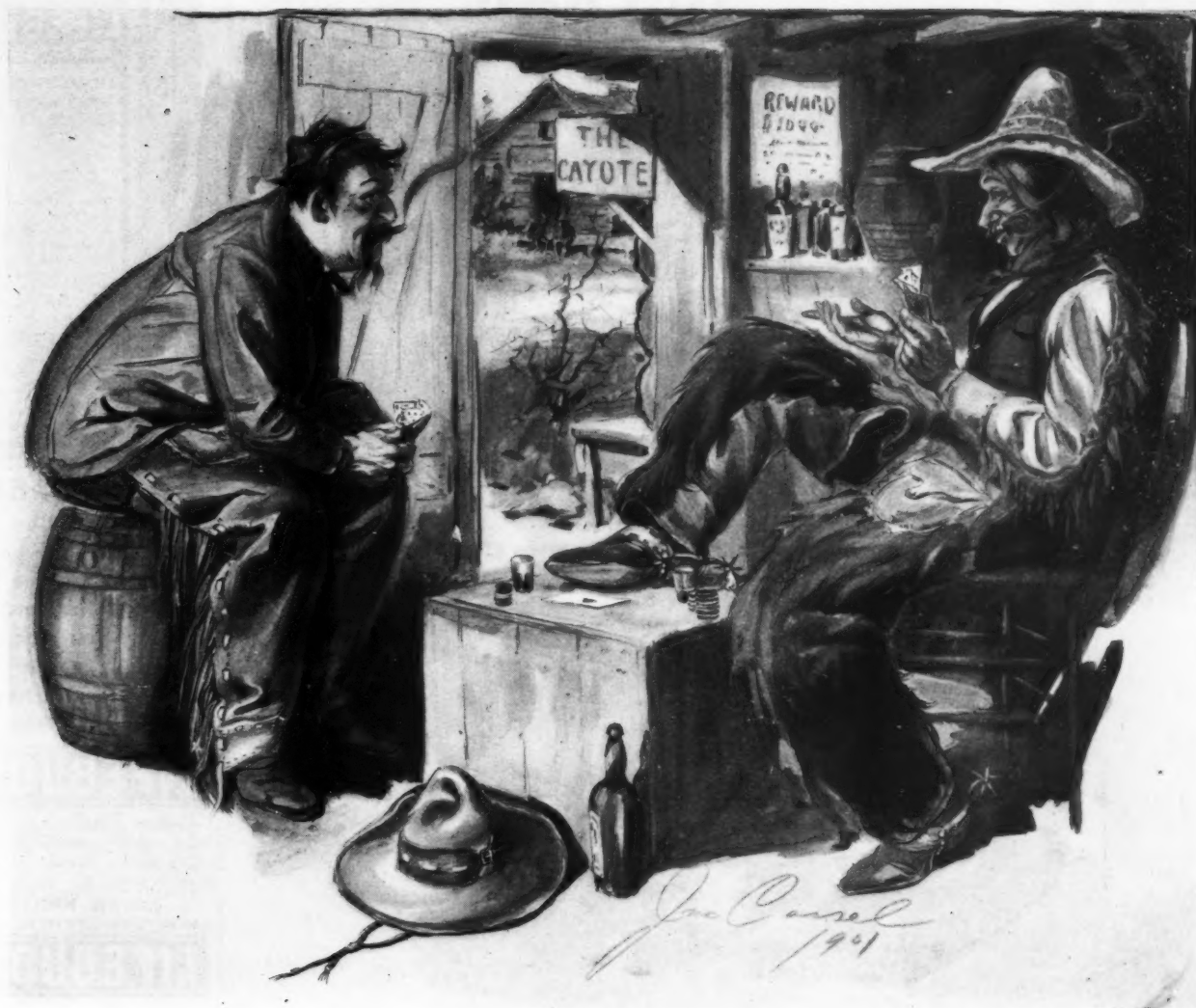
You ask, gentle reader, where is the joke in all this?

There is no joke. We are merely attempting in an humble way to show that Messrs. Howells, Kipling, Ibsen & Co., have not yet succeeded in executing a complete corner on literary realism.

W. S. Adkins.



II.
"Why, Cert!"



THE RESULT.

BRONCO BILL.—Yes; three cowboys lost deir lives here yesterday in a railroad accident.
 HURRICANE BOB.—How did it happen?
 BRONCO BILL.—Why, a handsome lady accidentally lost her ticket and the three galoots
 all volunteered ter find it, and they all found it at once!

A PLEA FOR HIBERNATION.

BEFO' Mis' Winteh's col' bref sweep,
 Befo' she bring de blizzahd,
 She put det green bullfrog to sleep
 En seals up Misteh Lizahd.
 So det am why Ah always knew
 It nebbeh wah intended
 Det man shud wuk when snow win's blew
 En icicles suspended.

*So, he-he! Ah 'll sit by de chimley arch
 Till de frogs wake up sometime nex' March.*

Matilda's tub-steam fill de room
 Until de aih am hazy;
 She sweep en brush rie wid de broom
 En say det Ah am lazy.
 But Ah dess light mah pipe en puff
 En tell her 'bout de lizahd,
 Det always hab de sense enuf
 To keep still in a blizzahd.

*So, he-he! Ah 'll sit by de chimley arch
 Till de frogs wake up sometime nex' March.*

Victor A. Hermann.

ONE OF these days it will be up to the men to learn to play Bridge,
 in order to keep their wives at home evenings.



HER APPREHENSION.

"Is n't this attitude all right?
 "Well, I'm afraid that some day you'll look at the picture
 and blame it on me!"

WE DO not take much stock in the gloomy prediction of fuel being
 so scarce two thousand years from now that they will be making
 cordwood of nutmegs up in Connecticut.

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WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

BROTHER DICKEY'S SUNDAY SAYINGS.

De newspapers ain't had no talk 'bout hell fire lately, en de sinners is enjoyin' a holiday.

Dey say de devil ain't ez black ez what he painted; but, fer all dat, he black enough ter smut de whitest er you.

Heaven is so clost ter us hit 's a wonder some folks don't grumble en say dey can't sleep fer de singin' er de angels.

I don't want no gol' harp in de hereafter. I 'll be satisfy ter des foller de ban' an hol' up de off end er de bass drum.

De Winter time is de bes' time in de worl' fer folks ter toas' dey shins by a blazin' fire en ax de Lord ter pity de po'.—*Atlanta Constitution.*



A MEASURE OF TIME.

THE PUPIL.—It seemed to me I must have practised all of two hours.

THE PROFESSOR.—But I'm sure you did n't! If you had practised two hours it would have seemed like six.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.

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Sample treatment Red Cross Pile and Fistula Cure and book on piles free to any address. Res. Co., Dept. 26, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Dr. Siegert's Genuine, Imported Angostura Bitters.

Cook's Extra Dry beats 'em all.
Cook's Imperial has a perfect bouquet.
Cook's Champagne is strictly pure.

SHREWD.

"What made you tell the janitor the temperature was just right?" said Mrs. Wiley.

"Because I know the janitor's disposition," answered her husband. "If we make him believe we are thoroughly comfortable he will hustle around and make things different."—*Washington Star.*

LONG DISTANCE CHEER.

There's comfort in Autumn—let joy have its fling—
With Winter before us we're headed for Spring.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN a woman's eyes look like fire, and she rattles the dishes more in cooking than usual, it means that when her husband appears, she intends to Start Something.—*Atchison Globe.*



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PHENOMENAL TIME.

"Yes, sir; my new automobile smashed a record on its first trip!"

"How?"

"Broke down thirty-eight and one-fifth seconds after it started!"

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be
traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's,
the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

The uglier you are, the more amiable you
should be.—*Atchison Globe.*

BROTHER DICKEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

In dis day en time nobody is in favor er gwine ter heaven in a cherryyoot
er fire; but some er dem 'll go de yuther way hollerin' fer a refrigerator.

Adam wuz n't so fond er apples. De trouble wuz his experience in de fruit
business wuz limited.

When de devil calls on some folks dey feels in duty boun' ter put on dey
bes' cloze en return de visit.

Ef you 'd only tiptoe sometimes you could reach heaven en write yo' titles
clear wid a quill pen f'm a angel's wing.

Ef dey wuz ter leave Hell out de Bible, what in de worl' would some er de
good folks do fer consolation?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AN ADVANCE IN ART.

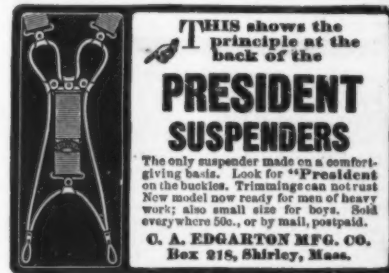
"Mrs. Dash, what is your club doing to help beautify the city?"

"Oh! We are working hard to get the clothing houses to use the word
'trousers' instead of 'pants' in their advertisements."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE naval experts have decided that our guns are large enough. It is a
decision which our Spanish friends will indorse.—*Washington Post.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



THIS shows the
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PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

The only suspender made on a comfort-
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New model now ready for men of heavy
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C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 216, Shirley, Mass.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

REMEMBER, young man, that you can
afford to wait when you can't afford to do
anything else.—*Indianapolis News.*

IN THE BOOK STORE.

"Here's an article," said the poet, "which says that poetry is n't read now."

"Yes; and I think I know the reason."

"Out with it, then!"

"It's because it is n't written!"

Then the poet said it looked like rain, but he hoped it would clear up ere long.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It is very hard to make everybody understand that an engine and a wagon can not occupy the same grade crossing at the same time.—*Phila. Ledger.*

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TOO MUCH WORK.

HICKS.—He says Christian Science makes him tired. You should hear him swear about it.

WICKS.—The idea! Why should he bother so much about it?

HICKS.—He has to. He's the Coroner, you know.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE mind's like a bank —
Of this there's no doubt —
The more you put in
The more you get out.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The man who does
not get a full measure
of joy out of

A BOTTLE
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ALE



does not know how to make
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HOLIDAY CHEER.

"Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is a large family
gathered about the festive board?"

"I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance
that there is not going to be enough turkey left over to supply the menu for the
next three days."—*Washington Star.*



HOOKED.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—The night you proposed you acted like a fish
out of water.

MR. NEWLYWED.—I was;—and very cleverly landed, too!

WHAT THEY GET.

BUCKEYE.—

What does a mem-
ber of the Legislature get in your State?

KEYSTONE.—That depends. Some-
times one is sentenced for a year or two,
but more frequently he gets off scot-
free.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

You look better, feel better, are better when your
run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the
Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

SECOND SIGHT.

JONES.— Funny
thing, I can't ever

get Strong to see me mornings.
BROWN.—Never mind, he'll make
up for it by seeing you twice after-
noons. He usually sees double by
that time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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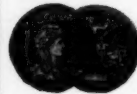
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SARCASM VS. SHINGLE.

"I did n't mind the spanking Dad gave me half as much as I did the sarcastic way in which he talked."
 "Was n't it a hard lickin'?"
 "You just bet it was."
 "Well, what did he say that was worse than the shingle?"
 "He said, 'Go 'way back and stand up.'—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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THE PATIENT.—Can't you help me,
 Doctor? I feel that I am going to
 die.
 THE DOCTOR.—Yes; I think I can.
 —*Yonkers Statesman.*

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AT A DISTANCE.

"What did her father say?"
 "He said, 'Get a little closer, please.'"
 "That sounded encouraging."
 "Yes. Then he said, 'Don't talk so loud.'"
 "Afraid somebody else would hear you, eh? That was commendable."
 "Was n't it? Then I asked him for Mary, and he suddenly roared,
 'Who's this talking?' and I got so scared that I said I did n't know, and
 rang off."
 "What. Did you ask him through the telephone?"
 "Yes, I did. And, by George! the next time it'll be the long distance or
 the wireless kind."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



THE CROW'S OPINION.

"And I understand it's placed there to keep us from stealing.
 Well, in my opinion, nothing can be relied upon to keep one from
 stealing except his conscience; and, thank heaven! I have n't any."

A COLD REJOINDER.

"Dere ain't much sympathy in dis world, an' dat 's a fact," said Meander-
 ing Mike. "I took dat policeman into me confidence. I told him dat I had
 all de troubles extant; dat I was jes' a collection of sorrows."

"What did he do?"

"He looked me over an' den said it wuz about time fur him to take up a
 collection."—*Washington Star.*

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.

"What kind of a place do you covet in heaven, Uncle Dave?"

"Not so low, suh, dat de angels could step on me, en not so high dat I'd
 git dizzy and come tumblin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PESSIMISM.

These words were Pope's: "Whatever is,
 Is right." But now the song
 Of modern pessimists is this:
 "Whatever is, is wrong."

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

SHE.—I'm so glad it's to be platonic. At one time I was afraid you
 would propose.

HE.—So was I!—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FORMALITIES.

"What would you say, my little
 man, if I were to give you a piece of
 candy?"

The small boy straightened his spec-
 tacles with his thumb and forefinger
 and replied:

"I am compelled to remind you, sir,
 that the post-prandial oration can not
 properly, precede the repast."—*Wash-
 ington Star.*

THE Irish potato has become so
 exclusive that it was served with its
 jacket on, at a recent dinner party,
 and with pink and blue ribbons tied
 around its waist.—*Atchison Globe.*

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BELLIGERENT KENTUCKY.

STATESMAN.—What you Kentucky
 politicians want to do is to get to-
 gether.

KENTUCKIAN.—Oh! I don't know;
 whenever we do get together there are
 fewer of us to get together the next
 time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is always safe to side-step the
 propositions of the Chicago college
 professors.—*Washington Post.*

THE PRUDENTIAL GIRL OF 1902.

Among the many beautiful calendars issued
 for this year, one of the most artistic in rich-
 ness of color and simplicity of design is that
 which bears the imprint of The Prudential
 Insurance Company of America. The calen-
 dar proper is on one side of a cardboard,
 about twelve by ten inches, leaving the other
 side free for a striking portrait picture in ten
 colors, in which the effects of an oil painting
 are reproduced with remarkable fidelity.
 The picture is that of a young woman, blue-
 eyed and golden-haired, in a gown of white
 with green leaves and scarlet flowers, and set
 off with a dark purple hat of the Gains-
 borough style, encircled by a black ostrich
 plume.

The Prudential has arranged to distribute
 these calendars, and if you desire one, write
 to the Home Office of The Prudential, in
 Newark, N. J., mentioning this paper, and
 a copy will be sent you by the Company,
 free of cost.



APPARENTLY.

"Golly, dat's fine! An' dey sutlinly is inj'yin' it!"
 "Inj'yin' it? I reckon dey'd radder walk fo' a cake dan eat it!"